

HIRAM GREEN'S WOOING.

This life wood be a one hoss sho,
Without a day to sport in;
There isent a thing a man can do
So hunkey as a cortin.

SO rites the poeck Green. A man wich hasent bin a cortin, and engoid them ere hunkey times, is no more complete than a bole of mush and milk without the usual quantity of lacteal flood—Standin leenin over the front gate the old humsted, holdin the digits of her who has frozed tite to yoor affeshuns—oh! its soothin like. It makes a feller tingle all over, as if a hull regiment of little naked coopids was skwirtin laffin gass, ise cream and colone water into his eres with a 40-hoss power steam fire ingin. Memory carries me back on her played-out velepede to the days of my youth, when I was a castin longin eyes and hev'in deep size to she who was Mariar Conklin; but she now struts about wearin the uniform of Mrs. Square Green, and knocken the spots off of any woman in this ere nashun as a gitter up of veal pot pize and ingun puddins.

I remember Sunday evenings, when fallin into line with the rest of the boys about the church doors waitin for Mariar to come out, my gizzard wood warble up and down in my throte like a mule's ere when sentin his otes.

The curus sensashun that a man feels them times is extremely bully. I uster rite short snatches of poikry. Sum of them I considered of hi order then, but since I've grode to an age of diskreshun, aud taken to bell letters, the insignifents of them youthful efforts are sublimely fotograut on my inteeck,
For instants:

CANTO 1ST.

Owe! Mariar, Mariar,
I sure will eckspire,
With my buzzum a heaven for thee;
If you want to be mine,
I bet I shall pine—
I shall pine and bekum a pine tree!

CANTO 2d.

My heart is affre
For thee, true love:
I pant for Mariar,
My sweet turkie dove!

I coodent egsist with my sole harrowed up so. Therefore, one pleasant evenin, when nater, with the ade of a potent soothin syrup had bushed the prattin offspring to sleep, I dipt my flaxin lox into a lot of medicated hog's lard—greest my boots with cole-ta.—put on my tother close, and pinte for Deekin Conklin's, determined to woo the old man's darter, or else be called a fofoo.

Mariar's muther cum to the door and ushered me into the presents of my idle. There sot Mariar a quarterm apples to dry. Crickey! didn't I feel sick! Jess so. Ld never furgit my feelins if I live to be old enuff for the last revolushunary soger. I wisht I was an apple and was been quartered by them hands, as she so gayly chuckered her old case knife into the core.

As the old woman left suddenly, it occurred to me that she smelt a ded rat, and knew what I cum for. Walkin up to Mariar, I took her by the apple-stained hand and sed:

"Mariar, yov jist old punkins," and I alightly squeeze her hand.

She sed with a little titter:
"Now, you git eout, He Green.
"I've cum," sed I, "to offer the this hart of mine. Will you share my lot?—Will you be my light fingered antelope—my rite bowler! Oh! Mariar, Mariar!" I cootnood, throwin a little stage actin into my voice, "coodist you, with them ere peepers of yourn, see the agitashun of this ere distracted heart, and beholdist the—"

I didnt git no further fur goin thru the attitoods, I stopt back, when "ker-touse" I went into the swill keg, wich was sot out to catch the apple parins into.

As I went down, up squashed the porcine fodder, eoverin Mariar's dress. This sot her to hollerin, when in cumus Deekin Conklin, Miss Conklin and 2 or three other nabors. There I was, doubled up like a jack nife, with my nose between my knees, looking as dogish as a string of sassiges.

A rose by any other name
Wood smell as sweet as I,
With oncleon food all ore my close,
And sich perfoom, oh, my!

Old Miss Conklin was the fust to brake the silents. Sed She:

"Hiram Green, you're a fool. Yoove jist got yourself into a sweet old mess.—If you want to marry my gal, why don't you up and say so, and not be a dumpin yourself into the swill barrel without no regard whatever for your best harnis.—"

Heer, Mariar," she continood, "get the tongs and pull Hiram out and scrape him off with a chip."

I was jerked out pooty lively, when the Conklins sot to scrape me off. Then says the old woman:

"Heer, Hiram, take her, she's yourn; but in the futur keep out of swill barrels and sich.

We were soon united in the holy bonds of wedlox, and I me free to admit it was trooly the most momentshus event of my checkered life. (N. B. No keerds.) I laid out a series of rules with which to govern my wife, but she bein a little decided in her opinyuns, thru obstikles in my way, resemlin broomsticks, &c., wich caused me to abandon the rules.

But I defy any man, or strong minded woman, standin, to rise and git up and say that Mariar haint been a good wife and a virtuous housekeeper, darnin my stockins and patchin my old close, like an old roman muther, while watchin over the 11 (eleven) offspring of wich she and I are the respected parents.

I hope the public wont consider it egerterism when I say honors has been showered onto me like hot cakes. Like one of our many presidents, I've risen from the lowermost round of the ladder, having served successfully as a tailor, stage-driver, pound master, hog constable, skool trustee, &c., until my feller citizens called onto me to dump my encyclopedian form into the magisterial cheer, and my deeds as Gustice of the Peece, has gone into history hed fust along with Square Solomon. How troo was the sayin of H. Ward Beecher:

"There is occasionally a time,
With a tied man,
Which if taken by the horns,
Will lead him, if he keeps his head level,
To nobody nose where!"

HIRAM GREEN, ESQ.,
Late Gustice of the Peece.

How to be Handsome.

MOST people like to be handsome.—Nobody denies the great power any person may have who has a good face, and who attracts you by good looks even before a word has been spoken. And we see all sorts of devices in men and women to improve their good looks—paints and washes, and all kinds of cosmetics, including a plentiful anointing with dirty hair oil.

Now not every one can have good features. They are as God made them; but almost any one can look well especially, with good health. It is hard to give rules in such a short space, but in brief these will do.

Keep clean—wash freely and universally with cold water. All the skin wants is leave to act freely, and it will take care of itself. Its thousands of air holes must not be plugged up.

Eat regularly and simply. The stomach can no more work all the time, night and day, than a horse; it must have regular work and regular rest.

Good teeth are a help to good looks.—Brush them with a soft brush, especially at night. Go to bed with clean teeth.—Of course, to have white teeth, it is needful to let tobacco alone. Any powder or wash for the teeth should be very simple. Acids may whiten the teeth, but they take off the enamel or injure it.

Sleep in a cool room, in pure air. No one can have a clean skin who breathes bad air. But more than all, in order to look well—wake up the mind and soul.

When the mind is awake, the dull, sleepy look passes away from the eyes. I do not know that the brain expands but it seems to. Think, read—not trashy novels, but books that have something in them. Talk with people who know something; hear lectures and learn by them.

This is one of the effects of good preaching. A man thinks and works, and tells us the result. And if we listen, and hear, and understand, the mind and soul are worked. If the spiritual nature is aroused so much the better. We have a plain face really glorified by the love of God and man which shine through it.—Let us grow handsome. Men say they can't afford books, and sometimes they don't even pay for their newspaper. In that case, it does them little good—they must feel so mean while reading it. But men can afford what they really choose. If all the money spent in self-indulgence, in hurtful indulgence, were spent in books and self-improvement, we could see a change. Men would grow handsome, and women too. The soul would shine out through the eyes. We were not meant to be mere animals. Let us have books, and read them, and sermons, and heed them.

Curious Telegraphic Mistake.

A STORY is told of a young gentleman residing in one of our large cities, who was a member of a small social club. His most particular and intimate friend among the members thereof was a youth who had gained for himself the sobriquet of "Sarah's Young Man," from his devotion to that once popular air, which in some form or other—either sung, whistled or hummed—was seldom absent from his lips. To this club our hero, whom we will christen Mr. X—, one day found himself called upon to announce his approaching marriage, and his consequent withdrawal from their circle. After the usual congratulations had been tendered and accepted, and the usual lamentations uttered, the members decided upon tendering to their matrimonially disposed and seceding comrade a farewell dinner, to take place as early as possible after the termination of the wedding-tour. The marriage took place, and Mr. and Mrs. X— started on the bridal journey, which terminated in that usual destination of newly-married couples—Niagara Falls. Mrs. X— was the most affectionate and charming of brides, and her husband was, of course, the happiest of men. The period of their stay at the Falls was nearly ended, when one day Mr. X—, on returning to his room after a short absence, was astonished to find his wife in a state in which indignation and hysterics were struggling for the mastery. She assailed him with a torrent of reproaches. He was a wretch—a villain; she was a miserable, ill-used, wretched woman. She would leave him; she would go home to her mother! And here hysterics got the upper hand, and she burst into a passion of tears.

"What is the matter?" the amazed husband at last found breath to ejaculate.

"Read, sir—read!" sobbed the poor little bride, pushing toward him an open yellow envelope. "I thought there might be bad news from home, and I opened it; and—oh—oh—oh—" Here she broke down again, and Mr. X— unfolded the important document which had produced such startling effects, in a state of utter bewilderment. It was a telegram, and it ran as follows:

"Our spree is fixed for the 20th. Don't forget—We will have a glorious time."

"Yours ever,

"SARAH S. YOUNGMAN."

"There, sir!" cried Mrs. X—. "How can you ever dare to look me in the face again? Who is this Sarah Youngman? and what do you mean by promising to go on a spree with her? and you just married too! You are a wicked—"

Here a shout of laughter from Mr. X. interrupted the flow of his wife's eloquence. He had been staring blankly at the dispatch, and suddenly the whole affair flashed across his mind. The telegram was in reference to the promised dinner, which his facetious friend had been entrusted with the forwarding of, and he had signed the dispatch "Sarah's Young Man"—a signature which the telegraph operators had seen fit, intentionally or otherwise, to alter to Sarah S. Youngman. As soon as his irrepressible laughter would allow him to speak, he explained the mistake to his wondering and indignant wife, who, however, being a sensible little woman, was speedily appeased, and joined in the laugh, and today numbers Sarah S. Youngman among her most warmly welcomed visitors.

Novel use for Cats.

The clever French missionary Hue, who, with his companion Cabot, first gave us an intelligent account of life in the interior of the Flowery Kingdom, was not a little surprised, and quite incredulous at first, when his Chinese friends told him that cats were their watches, and enabled them to tell, with unerring accuracy, the hour of the day. He learned, however, by careful observation, that this was really so: for he noticed that the pupil of every cat he saw, though wide open in the early morning, would gradually contract as the sun rose; at noon a perpendicular line of extreme delicacy would be all that was left to be seen, and then the pupil would dilate again, to return to its natural size by sunset. And when poor Pussy has served her time as a dial, she is served up herself—not in disguise, as in French restaurants, but boldly and boastingly. In many a lowly house in town, and in almost every farm-house in the country, a number of cats are seen fastened to chains for the purpose of fattening them: and in the market-houses they hang in long rows, exhibiting their snowy whiteness, and with heads and tails carefully left untouched, to testify to their genuineness.

Discovery of Treasure.

A PAPER published in Natchez, tells the following:

Many of our readers will no doubt remember the great excitement which existed about a year ago in this vicinity, caused by the assertion of an old negro sorcerer that a quantity of the treasure of the once celebrated Captain Kidd was buried a short distance from the National Cemetery, near what is familiarly known as the "Devil's Punch Bowl." Quite a number of our colored citizens, believing the stories of this old woman, engaged in the work of digging for the hidden treasure in a spot which, by the aid of the black art, she had pronounced it to be buried.

They progressed in their labor for a number of weeks, without success, and finally gave up in despair, a heavy rain having discommoded them to a discouraging extent. Time passed on, and the event has perhaps escaped the minds of nearly all to whom the mysterious affair was cognizant, and but for the event which we are about to chronicle, would perhaps have never disturbed their brains again. However, we will on to our story—which is really as strange as it is true. Shortly after a heavy storm, a few weeks ago, a couple of negro boys, while hunting in the vicinity of the excavations made by the discomfited treasure seekers of one year since, chanced to find a dingy and rusty old square box, which was so bound about with metal as to almost resemble an iron box. It was with difficulty that the two combined could move it, and to carry it was out of the question.

While one of them remained near this queer-looking old box, the other went home for his father. The father, his wife and another colored man, repaired to the spot and remembering the old sorcerer's tale, at once concluded that they had found at least a portion of the treasure. Events have proved that they were not amiss in their conjectures. But they moved very cautiously in the matter, lest they should be discovered, and so under the cover of night the box was removed to their little cottage. Up to the early part of this week they confided their secret to no living person, but a serious affair having occurred between the boys, the matter—being at first but vaguely hinted at—came to the ears of our reporter. He repaired to the house on Wednesday night for the purpose of examining the treasure found.

The box in which it was found is about three feet long by two feet wide, evidently made of a species of cedar, and is firmly bound by strips of iron, running around laterally and diagonally, and fastened with long nails, clinched inside.—The treasure consists principally of ancient Spanish gold and silver coin, dated from 1450 up to 1530, and it is adjudged that there is at least \$30,000 worth of them. Besides the coin there are several gold buckles and various other articles, seemingly to have been worn as ornaments. A great number of silver ornaments were in the box, which it appeared were used as some part of their sword trappings.

It is impossible to tell what metal any of the coins or ornaments are composed of by their looks, for all have a mouldy, green appearance, fully attesting to the lapse of time since they were buried. A little golden cross, with the image of our Saviour, establishes the religion of the people who buried the treasure, and from the dates on the various coins it is believed that the treasure thus unearthed at this late day was buried by none other than the late Hernando De Soto and his followers, about the year 1640, as it is well known that the discoverer of the mighty Mississippi was in this vicinity about that time, and also that he was seriously troubled by the hostile Indians.

A piece of parchment found in the box was so old and musty that no characters could be discerned upon it. As a whole, the discovery of this long hidden treasure forms no inconsiderable event in our history, and will throw a new light upon the adventures of the hardy Spaniards who frequented the spot where now stands our beautiful city, centuries ago. A number of individuals have visited the hut, and examined the coins, and all agree with the views of the writer as to whom the treasure was buried by.

The deepest penetration man has yet made into the crust of the earth, is about five thousand feet. It is found that the temperature increases as we go down, at the rate of between one and two degrees for every hundred feet. If this rate holds good, forty miles below the surface the earth must all be a molten mass.

Climbing a Bargain.

RATHER a cute Irishman, named Pat Mulrooney, had a kicking horse which he wanted to get rid of, but found very difficult. At last he entered him at Herkness' Bazaar, and warranted him sound and kind, and free from the kicks. On the day of sale, Mr. Herkness pointed out the good qualities of the animal, and he was sold for one hundred and seventy-five dollars. Pat was afraid the horse would show his bad qualities before the money was paid, so he wanted to hurry up the bargain, and the way he did it was:—He went to the purchaser and said—

"You can't have that horse sur."

"Why not? Didn't I buy him?" said the purchaser.

"Yes you bought him," said Pat, "but I've been offered more money for him, and you can't have him, besides he bites."

"I don't care for that," said the buyer, "but he kicks like the devil," said Pat, "and he'll smash any thing you'll hitch him to."

"Well I'm a going to pay for him now, and take the risk," said the buyer, "and if he kicks, I'll never call on you to take him back."

The fellow took the horse home, and as soon as he attempted to put him to a wagon, he smashed it all to pieces. It was too late now to complain, Pat told him that the horse kicked, and Herkness had paid over the money, so the horse was turned out to do the best he could for himself.

Rather Mixed.

A Judge who was examining an Irish witness in a case of assault and battery, was rather troubled by his mixing the personal pronouns in such a manner.

Said the witness:
"There was Mike and the dog there, yer honer so he flew at me very savage—"

Judge.—"Who? Mike?"

Witness.—"No, the dog, yer honor. And I says to him—"

Judge.—"To whom? The dog?"

Witness.—"No, Mike, your honor. 'Get away wid yer!' and I just hauled off and hit him."

Judge.—"Hit Mike?"

Witness.—"No, the dog, yer honor, and he made a rush for me."

Judge.—"Who? the dog?"

Witness.—"Mike yer honor. And I up wid a stone and throwed it at him, and it rolled him over and over."

Judge.—"Threw a stone at Mike?"

Witness.—"At the dog, yer honor. And he got up and hit me again."

Judge.—"The dog?"

Witness.—"No, Mike. And wid that he run off."

Judge.—"Mike?"

Witness.—"No, the dog. And then he came back, and got me down yer honor."

Judge.—"The dog came back at you?"

Witness.—"No, Mike yer honor, and he isn't hurt any at all."

Judge.—"Who isn't hurt?"

Witness.—"The dog, yer honor."

Resigned.

It is certainly gratifying to know that in—, Illinois, the Young Men's Christian Association is doing a good work. One of its most active members is Mr.—, a young gentleman of position and means, who had done much in aiding the poor and unfortunate. At one time he became quite interested in a German family in indignant circumstances. The wife was quite sick, and he visited her very often, doing all he could to prepare her mind for the worst, if it should come to that. He had not seen her for a few days when he met the husband, and the following conversation took place:

"How do you do, Mr.—?" How is your wife?"

"Mein frau?—mein frau is dead."

"Dead! is it possible?" Was she resigned?"

"Resigned? resigned? Mein Gott she had to be!"

Several young girls were amusing themselves some time ago with an electric battery. Emma proposed taking one of the poles and her friend Annie the other, and instead of joining hands, kiss each other. A scream from Miss Annie caused the young lady who was turning the wheel to stop suddenly, when Emma exclaimed that it "felt just like a moustache." The point is, how did the young lady know how a moustache feels?